

Stigmaticall in making worse in minde.

*Luc.* Who would be iealous then of such a one?

No euill lost is wail'd, when it is gone.

*Adr.* Ah but I thinke him better then I say:

And yet would herein others eies were worse:

Farre from her nest the Lapwing cries away;

My heart praies for him, though my tongue doe curse.

*Enter S. Dromio.*

*Dro.* Here goe: the deske, the purse, sweet now make haste.

*Luc.* How hast thou lost thy breath?

*S. Dro.* By running fast.

*Adr.* Where is thy Master *Dromio*? Is he well?

*S. Dro.* No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse then hell:

A diuell in an euermaking garment hath him;

On whose hard heart is burton'd vp with Steele:

A Feind, a Fairie, pittilesse and ruffe:

A Wolfe, nay worse, a fellow all in buffe:

A back friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermaids

The passages of allies, creekes, and narrow lands:

A hound that runs Counter, and yet draws drifoot well,

One that before the Iudgmet carries poore soules to hel.

*Adr.* Why man, what is the matter?

*S. Dro.* I doe not know the matter, hee is rested on the case.

*Adr.* What is he arrested? tell me at whose suite?

*S. Dro.* I know not at whose suite he is arrested well; but is in a suite of buffe which rested him, that can I tell, will you send him Mistris redemption, the monie in his deske.

*Adr.* Go fetch it Sister: this I wonder at.

*Exit Luciana.*

Thus he vnknowne to me should be in debt:

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

*S. Dro.* Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chaine, a chaine, doe you not here it ring.

*Adr.* What, the chaine?

*S. Dro.* No, no, the bell, 'tis time that I were gone:

It was two ere I left him, and now the clocke strikes one.

*Adr.* The houres come backe, that did I neuer here.

*S. Dro.* Oh yes, if any houre meete a Serieant, a turnes backe for verie feare.

*Adr.* As if time were in debt: how fondly do'st thou reason?

*S. Dro.* Time is a verie bankerout, and owes more then he's worth to season.

Nay, he's a theefe too: haue you not heard men say,

That time comes stealing on by night and day?

If I be in debt and theft, and a Serieant in the way,

Hath he not reason to turne backe an houre in a day?

*Enter Luciana.*

*Adr.* Go *Dromio*, there's the monie, beare it straight,

And bring thy Master home immediately.

Come sister, I am prest downe with conceit:

Conceit, my comfort and my iniurie.

*Exit.*

*Enter Antipholus Siracusia.*

There's not a man I meete but doth salute me

As if I were their well acquainted friend,

And euerie one doth call me by my name:

Some tender monie to me, some inuite me;

Some other giue me thanks for kindnesse;

Some offer me Commodities to buy.

Euen now a tailor cal'd me in his shop,

And show'd me Silkes that he had bought for me;

And therewithall tooke measure of my body.

Sure these are but imaginarie wiles,

And lapland Sorcerers inhabite here.

*Enter Dromio Sir.*

*S. Dro.* Master, here's the gold you sent me for: what

haue you got the picture of old *Adam* new appareld?

*Ant.* What gold is this? What *Adam* do'st thou

meane?

*S. Dro.* Not that *Adam* that kept the Paradise: but

that *Adam* that keeps the prison; hee that goes in the

calues-skin, that was kil'd for the Prodigall: hee that

came behinde you sir, like an euill angel, and bid you for-

sake your libertie.

*Ant.* I vnderstand thee not.

*S. Dro.* No? why 'tis a plaine case: he that went like

a Base-Viole in a case of leather; the man sir, that when

gentlemen are tired giues them a sob, and rests them:

he sir, that takes pittie on decayed men, and giues them

suites of durance: he that sets vp his rest to doe more ex-

ploits with his Mace, then a Moris Pike.

*Ant.* What thou mean'st an officer?

*S. Dro.* I sir, the Serieant of the Band: he that brings

any man to answer it that breakes his Band: one that

thinks a man alwaies going to bed, and saies, God giue

you good rest.

*Ant.* Well sir, there rest in your foolerie:

Is there any ships puts forth to night? may we be gone?

*S. Dro.* Why sir, I brought you word an houre since,

that the Barke *Expedition* put forth to night, and then

were you hindred by the Serieant to carry for the *Hay*

*Delay*: Here are the angels that you sent for to deliuer

you.

*Ant.* The fellow is distract, and so am I,

And here we wander in illusions:

Some blessed power deliuer vs from hence.

*Enter a Curtizan.*

*Cur.* Well met, well met, Master *Antipholus*:

I see sir you haue found the Gold-smith now:

Is that the chaine you promis'd me to day.

*Ant.* Sathan auoide, I charge thee tempt me not.

*S. Dro.* Master, is this Mistris *Sathan*?

*Ant.* It is the diuell.

*S. Dro.* Nay, she is worse, she is the diuels dam:

And here she comes in the habit of a light wench, and

thereof comes, that the wenches say God dam me, That's

as much to say, God make me a light wench: It is writ-

ten, they appeare to men like angels of light, light is an

effe&t of fire, and fire will burne: ergo, light wenches will

burne, come not neere her.

*Cur.* Your man and you are maruailous merrie sir.

Will you goe with me, wee'll mend our dinner here?

*S. Dro.* Master, if do expect spoon-meate, or bespeake

a long spoone.

*Ant.* Why *Dromio*?

*S. Dro.* Marrie he must haue a long spoone that must

eat with the diuell.

*Ant.* Auoid then fiend, what tel'st thou me of sup-

Thou art, as you are all a forcereffe: (ping)

I coniure thee to leaue me, and be gon.

*Cur.* Giue me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my Diamond the Chaine you promis'd,

And Ile be gone sir, and not trouble you.

*S. Dro.* Some diuels aske but the parings of ones naile,

a rush, a haire, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherrie-

stone: but she more couetous, wold haue a chaine: Ma-

ster be wise, and if you giue it her, the diuell will shake

her Chaine, and fright vs with it.

*Cur.* I pray you sir my Ring, or else the Chaine,

I hope you do not meane to cheate me so?

*Ant.* Auant thou witch: Come *Dromio* let vs go.

*S. Dro.* Flie pride saies the Pea-cocke, Mistris that

you know. *Exit.*

*Cur.* Now out of doubt *Antipholus* is mad,

Else wold he neuer so demeane himselfe,

A Ring he hath of mine worth fortie Duckets,

And for the same he promis'd me a Chaine,

Both one and other he denies me now:

The reason that I gather he is mad,

Besides this present influence of his rage,

Is a mad tale he told to day at dinner,

Of his owne doores being shut against his entrance.

Belike his wife acquainted with his fits,

On purpose shut the doores against his way:

My way is now to hie home to his house,

And tell his wife, that being Lunaticke,

He rush'd into my house, and tooke perforce

My Ring away. This course I fittest choose,

For fortie Duckets is too much to loose.

*Enter Antipholus Ephes. with a lailor.*

*Ant.* Feare me not man, I will not breake away,

Ile giue thee ere I leaue thee so much money

To warrant thee as I am rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to day,

And will not lightly trust the Messenger,

That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,

I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her eares.

*Enter Dromio Eph. with a rope end.*

Heere comes my Man, I thinke he brings the monie.

How now sir? Haue you that I sent you for?

*E. Dro.* Here's that I warrant you will pay them all.

*Ant.* But where's the Money?

*E. Dro.* Why sir, I gaue the Monie for the Rope.

*Ant.* Five hundred Duckets villaine for a rope?

*E. Dro.* Ile serue you sir five hundred at the rate.

*Ant.* To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

*E. Dro.* To a ropes end sir, and to that end am I re-

turn'd.

*Ant.* And to that end sir, I will welcome you.

*Off.* Good sir be patient.

*E. Dro.* Nay 'tis for me to be patient, I am in aduer-

sitie.

*Off.* Good now hold thy tongue.

*E. Dro.* Nay, rather perswade him to hold his hands.

*Ant.* Thou whoreson fenselosse Villaine.

*E. Dro.* I wold I were fenselosse sir, that I might

not feele your blowes.

*Ant.* Thou art sensible in nothing but blowes, and

so is an Ass.

*E. Dro.* I am an Ass indeede, you may proue it by

my long eares: I haue serued him from the houre of my

Natiuitie to this instant, and haue nothing at his hands

for my seruice but blowes: When I am cold, he heates

me with beating: when I am warme, he cooles me with

beating: I am wak'd with it when I sleepe, rais'd with

it when I sit, driuen out of doores with it when I goe

from home, welcom'd home with it when I returne, nay

I beare it on my shoul-

der, and I thinke when he

it from doore to doore

*Enter Adriana, Luciana*

*Ant.* Come goe al-

der.

*E. Dro.* Mistris respe-

ther the prophesie like

*Ant.* Wilt thou sit

*Cur.* How say you

*Adr.* His inciuility

Good Doctor *Pinch*, ye

Establiish him in his tru

And I will please you

*Luc.* Alas how fiery

*Cur.* Marke, how he

*Pinch.* Giue me you

pulle.

*Ant.* There is my h

*Pinch.* I charge thee

To yeeld possession to

And to thy state of dar

I coniure thee by all the

*Ant.* Peace doting

*Adr.* Oh that thou

*Ant.* You Minion

Did this Companion w

Reuell and feast it at my

Whil'st vpon me the gu

And I denied to enter i

*Adr.* O husband, G

Where would you had

Free from these slander

*Ant.* Din'd at hom

thou?

*Dro.* Sir sooth to say

*Ant.* Were not my

*Dro.* Perdie, your

out.

*Ant.* And did not f

*Dro.* Sans Fable, A

*Ant.* Did not her K

scorne me?

*Dro.* Certis she did,

*Ant.* And did not I

*Dro.* In veritie you

That since haue felt the

*Adr.* Is't good to so

*Pinch.* It is no shame

And yeelding to him, h

*Ant.* Thou hast sub

mee.

*Adr.* Alas, I sent yo

By *Dromio* heere, who

*Dro.* Monie by me?

But surely Master not a

*Ant.* Wentst not th

*Luc.* He came to m

*Adr.* And I am wit

*Dro.* God and the

That I was sent for noth

*Pinch.* Mistris, both

I know it by their pale